Your legges did better ſeruice then your hands,
War. I, then twas my turne to flye, but now t'is thine.
Clif. you ſaid as much before, and yet you fled.
War. Twas not your valour Clifford droue me thence.
Nor. No, nor your manhood *Warwick*, ỹ could make yee ſtay.
Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, we hold
Thee reuerently.
Breake off the parley, for ſcarſe I can refraine
The execution of my big ſwolne heart,
Againſt that Clifford there, that cruell child-killer.
Clif. Why I kild thy Father, calſt thou him a childe?
Rich. I like a villaine, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didſt kill our tender brother Rutland,
But ere Sun-ſet Ile make thee curſſe the deed.
King. Haue done with words great Lords,
And heare me ſpeake.
Queene. Defie them then, or elſe hold cloſe thy lips.
King. I prethee giue no limits to my tongue,
I being a King, am priuiledg'd to ſpeake.
Clif. My Lord, the wound that bred this meeting heere,
Cannot be cur'd with words, therefore be ſtill.
Rich. Then executioner vnſheath thy ſword,
By him that made vs all, I am reſolu'd
That *Cliffords* man-hood hangs vpon his tongue.
Edw. What ſayſt thou Henry, ſhall I haue my right or no?
A thouſand men haue broke their faſt to day,
That nere ſhall dine, vnleſſe thou yeeld the Crowne.
War. If thou deny, their bloods be on thy head.
For *Yorke* in iuſtice, puts his Armour on.
Prin. If all be right that *Warwicke* ſayes is right,
There is no wrong, but all things muſt be right.
Rich. Whoſoeuer got thee, there thy mother ſtands,
For well I wot thou haſt thy mothers tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Dam,
But like a fowle miſhapen ſtigmaticke,
Markt by the Deſtinies to be auoided,
As venom'd Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.

Rich.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid wi
Thy father beares the title o
As if a channell ſhould be c
Sham'ſt thou not, knowing
To parlie thus with Englan
Edw. A wiſpe of ſtraw w
To make that ſhameleſſe cal
Thy husbands father reueld
And tam'de the French, and
And had he matcht accordin
He might haue kept that glo
But when he tooke a begge
And grac'ſt thy poore ſire w
Then that ſun-ſhine bred a
Which waſht his fathers for
And heapt ſeditions on his c
For what hath mou'd theſe t
Hadſt thou bene meeke, our
And we in pitty of the gentl
Had ſlipt our claime vntill a
George. But when we ſaw
And that the harueſt brough
We ſet the axe to thy vſurpi
And though the edge haue ſ
Yet know thou we will neue
Till we haue hewne thee dov
Or bath'd thy growing with
Edw. And in this reſoluti
Nor willing any longer conf
Since thou denieſt the gentl
Sound trumpets, let our blo
And either victory, or elſe a
Queene. Stay *Edward*, ſtay
Edw. Hence wrangling w
Thy words will coſt ten thou

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